

Production No. 2F06

The Simpsons

"HOMER BADMAN"

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Created by  
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## "HOMER BADMAN"

### Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
APU.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
ASHLEY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
PA VOICE.....HARRY SHEARER  
PEANUT BUTTER WOMAN.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
CHOCOLATE MAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
MAN.....HANK AZARIA  
WOMAN.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
FRINK.....HANK AZARIA  
SALESMAN.....HANK AZARIA  
SECURITY GUARD.....HANK AZARIA  
GERMAN GUMMY SALESMAN...HARRY SHEARER  
VARIOUS YELLERS.....NANCY/PAM/MAGGIE  
PROTESTORS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
HEAVY WOMAN.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER  
DEEP VOICE.....HARRY SHEARER  
GODFREY.....HARRY SHEARER  
SASQUATCH.....HANK AZARIA

MOE.....HANK AZARIA  
LUNCHLADY DORIS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
ROCK BOTTOM ANNOUNCER ..  
(V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER  
FARMER.....HANK AZARIA  
VOICE (O.S.).....DAN CASTELLANETA  
AUSSIE REPORTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER  
CRYING WOMAN.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
FEMALE HOST.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
BEN ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
VARIOUS AUDIENCE.....ALL  
WOMAN .....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
BEN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
WOMAN #2.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
TRAINER.....HANK AZARIA  
FOX ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
YOUNG BABYSITTER.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
BRIAN DENNEHY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
FAMILY.....NANCY/JULIE/YEARDLEY  
DAVID LETTERMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
STAND UP.....HANK AZARIA  
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TEENAGE MANAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
BIKE RIDER (V.O.).....HANK AZARIA  
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA

HOMER BADMAN

by

Greg Daniels

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SCENE 1

INT. SIMPSONS' KITCHEN

The SIMPSONS eat breakfast. Bart pours cereal into a bowl. He begins separating the brightly-colored stars and clovers from the whole grain pieces.

BART

(DISGUSTED) Damn FDA. Why can't it all  
be marshmallow?

He scoops up the tan pieces and dumps them back in the box.

LISA

Eeew. Bart, don't put the non-  
marshmallow pieces back in the box.  
They go in the trash.

HOMER

You like sweets, kids? (HAS A SECRET)  
I know a place that's sweeter than  
sweetness itself. In this sweet place,  
earthly donuts are sour as poison.  
You'd spit them out! You would! I'm  
talking about the Candy Industry Trade  
Show. (WAVING TWO BRIGHTLY COLORED  
TICKETS).

LISA

How did you get tickets?

HOMER

They hid them in every millionth Krusty  
Klump bar and Krusty Klump bar with  
almonds.

**FLASHBACK**

**INT. KWIK-E-MART**

Homer is systematically squeezing, pawing, crushing, and  
ripping through every Krusty Klump bar in the store.

APU

Hey, hey, hey! I've asked you nicely  
not to mangle my merchandise. You  
leave me no choice but to ask you  
nicely again.

HOMER

Can't talk - greedy.

Homer continues ripping through the Krusty Klump bars.

**BACK TO SCENE**

BART

CanIcome!?CanIcome!?CanIcome!?

LISA

No,me!Takeme!Me!Me!Me!

HOMER

Sorry kids, but this is one event when  
I want my darling wife by my side.

MARGE

(PLEASED) Oh, well thank you Homer. But  
take one of the kids.

HOMER

(WHINY) Ma-arge. They can't carry enough samples. (PINCHING LISA'S ARM) They have puny, little muscles, not big, ropey ones like you.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

BART

Yes. You go, Mom. For the greater good.

LISA

(SOLEMNLY) For the greater good.

**INT. SIMPSONS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Bart and Lisa sew extra pockets on Marge's clothes. She is wearing an overcoat with saddlebags on the inside.

MARGE

Homer, are all these pockets necessary?

HOMER

They wouldn't be if you were willing to sit in a hollowed-out wheelchair.

The doorbell **RINGS**.

MARGE

That's the babysitter. (TO BART AND LISA) No one in town will sit for you two anymore. I had to choose between a grad student at the university and a scary-looking hobo.

BART

(GOING TO ANSWER THE DOOR) Please the  
hobo. Please the hobo. Please the hobo.

He opens the door revealing a pretty, YOUNG WOMAN in a  
coat.

ASHLEY

Hi, I'm Ashley Grant.

LISA

Ashley Grant! You gave a talk on  
women's issues at my school on how we  
don't have to be second class citizens.

BART

(PANICKED) Mom! How can you leave us  
with this maniac?!

HOMER

Hurry, Marge. If we get there early we  
can get our pictures taken with the two  
surviving Musketeers.

Homer drags Marge out the door.

MARGE

(BEING PULLED OUT THE DOOR) There's  
also a baby somewhere upstairs!

Bart saunters up to Ashley.

BART

So, you're one of those "don't call me  
a chick" chicks, huh?

LISA

Sorry about my sexist brother. He will  
make the next few hours a living hell.

ASHLEY

Oh, I don't know. See this, Bart?

She pulls a video game cartridge out of her bag and waves  
it around.

BART

(EYES FOLLOWING IT AS IF ENTRANCED)

Disemboweler 4, the game where  
condemned criminals dig at each other  
with rusty hooks.

ASHLEY

Mmm hmm. Do a little housework, and you  
can play for five minutes.

BART

No waaaay. (STRUGGLING LIKE CAPTAIN  
KIRK FIGHTING A MIND RAY) Gg-aah...  
Yes'm.

ASHLEY

See, Lisa? Males aren't hard to tame.

They all follow their video cartridges.

Ashley waves the video to the right and Bart runs into the  
wall. Lisa looks at Ashley with admiration.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD CONVENTION CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON. SC 2**

A sign reads "Welcome Candy Convention, Room 1! Also  
Candy-shaped Rat Poison Convention, Room 11." Police  
barricades hold back crowds of fat kids, as candy buyers  
show ID to a doorman and enter.



**INT. CANDY CONVENTION**

A high angle sees hundreds of booths of candy products laid out on the floor in rows.

PA (V.O.)

Mr. Goodbar to the front desk... The  
front desk is looking for Mr. Goodbar.

HOMER

(GASP) I feel like a kid in some kind  
of a store.

Homer surveys the wondrous array. He begins walking by each booth daintily sampling candy with one hand while surreptitiously sweeping armfuls of samples into Marge's many pockets.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOUTH FULL, TO SALESPEOPLE)

Brilliant... exquisite ...you'll do  
well... Gimme those, etc.

**ANGLE ON CHOCOLATE BOOTH AND PEANUT BUTTER BOOTH**

A booth advertising "CHOCOLATE" is right next to the booth showing "PEANUT BUTTER." A YOUNG MAN in a suit runs across with a big piece of chocolate and collides with a YOUNG WOMAN carrying a beaker of peanut butter.

PEANUT BUTTER WOMAN

You got chocolate in my peanut butter!

CHOCOLATE MAN

You got peanut butter in my chocolate!

The woman breaks off a little chocolate with peanut butter and tastes it.

PEANUT BUTTER WOMAN

My product is ruined. We'll be  
bringing legal action.

CHOCOLATE MAN

Fine. We'll drag it out for years.

Homer grabs their chocolate and peanut butter.

HOMER

Case closed.

Homer hands them to Marge, who puts them in her already bulging pockets. Homer and Marge walk quickly away.

SOUR BALL BOOTH

Behind FRINK'S booth is a HUMMING force field. A yellow candy is hovering in the air.

FRINK

As you can see, I have created a  
lemonball so sour it can only be safely  
contained in a magnetic field. (TURNS  
TO EMPTY FORCE FIELD) The candy, known  
as 77X42, has several unusual --  
(SURPRISED NOISE) Where the hell is the  
candy?

HOMER

I 'unno.

We see his entire face has puckered imploringly.

WAX LIP BOOTH

The booth displays big, different-colored wax lips. A sign reads, "Wax Lips - The Candy of 1,000 Uses." The SALESMAN wears a pair. Homer walks up to him.

SALESMAN

Hey sir, try our wax lips. It's the  
candy of a thousand uses.

HOMER

Like what?

SALESMAN

One, a humorous substitute for your own  
lips.

HOMER

Mmm hmm. Keep going.

SALESMAN

Two, ah... I'm needed in the basement.

The salesman does a bad pantomime of **WALKING DOWN STAIRS** until he disappears. After a beat, he sneaks a peek, peering over the counter, then disappears again. Homer sweeps an armful of wax lips into his pants.

#### **ANOTHER ANGLE**

Marge staggers to a bench, pockets bulging. She sits down to rest and takes a stalk of celery out of her purse. A SECURITY GUARD grabs the celery away.

SECURITY GUARD

You're gonna have to put some sugar on  
that celery or get out, mam.

#### **GERMAN GUMMI CANDY BOOTH**

It is by far the largest most impressive display. The sign reads "Jolli Gummi Bears -- They Hibernate In Your Colon." There is a fat GERMAN SALESMAN. Homer is taking samples and stuffing them in his mouth.

HOMER

Oooh -- gummy bears. Gummy Rolodex.

Gummy calves heads. Gummy lint.

Homer's eyes are caught by a glistening reflection. He looks over and sees a sparkling, green, gummy object on a velvet cushion, rotating in a mirrored case under exquisite lighting. Homer freezes. His mouth drops open.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOUTH FULL) What dat?

GUMMY SALESMAN

(GERMAN ACCENT) That is the rarest  
gummy of them all. The gummy Venus de  
Milo. Carved by gummy artisans who  
work exclusively in the medium of  
gummy.

MARGE

Will you two stop saying "gummy" so  
much.

The gummy statue sparkles on the velvet cushion and winks  
at him like a siren.

HOMER

Must have rare gummy. (WHISPERING TO  
MARGE) Distract the salesman Marge!

MARGE

No. I won't make a spectacle out of  
myself any further.

Marge puts her hands on her hips and glares at Homer. A  
pocket springs loose and gumballs flow forth like a  
fountain. People look at Marge.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(TO CROWD) Oooh... how'd they get  
there? (WEAK LAUGH)

In the confusion, Homer moves over to the display case  
unseen. He begins limbering his fingers like a safe-  
cracker.

HOMER

Now, this is going to take all my  
skill. (CHUCKLE)

He **SMASHES** the glass with his fist and grabs the gummy,  
setting off a **PIERCING ALARM**.

GUMMY SALESMAN

Halt! Halt! Offen gan shtein mannen!

HOMER

Run, Marge! Save the booty!

Marge waddles as fast as she can towards the door. The crowd is gaining on them. Homer stops, grabs a can of cola, pulls out a bag marked "Pop Rocks," rips off the top with his teeth, and pours the pop rocks into the cola.

CROWD

(AD-LIBBING) After him/ Get the candy,  
etc...

HOMER (CONT'D)

See you in hell, candy boys.

Homer tosses the cola can into the crowd a la a grenade, then runs off. There is a gigantic off stage **EXPLOSION**.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

**SCENE 3**

Marge stands in the middle of the room in her candy-filled overcoat; odd movements and **RUSTLING** going on underneath the fabric. She **GIGGLES**. Suddenly, Bart pops his head out between two buttons next to her stomach.

BART

Hey Lis, I found a big caramel deposit  
at the small of her back!

LISA

I'm coming!

Bart takes a deep **BREATH** and dives back inside. Lisa follows.

MARGE

(GIGGLES)

Maggie sticks her head out of one of Marge's pockets wearing wax lips which she **SUCKS** like her pacifier. A moment later Marge's entire outfit **RIPS** open sending candy and children **TUMBLING** to the floor.

BART/LISA/MAGGIE

Wheee!

Homer falls down on his hands and knees and starts pawing through the candy.

HOMER

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Where's my gummy de Milo? She can't have gotten far; she has no arms.

MARGE

I'm sure she'll turn up. Take the baby-sitter home now. She's been sitting in the car for twenty minutes.

HOMER

Relax, Marge, there's plenty for her to do in there.

**SFX: THREE HORN HONKS**

HOMER (CONT'D)

See, she's having the time of her life.

**INT. SIMPSONS' CAR - NIGHT**

Homer drives the baby-sitter back.

HOMER

(MUMBLING) Venus, venus, oh where's my venus?

ASHLEY

Excuse me?

HOMER

I'm craving something I can't find.

ASHLEY

(CONFUSED) Ah, I don't understand.

HOMER

My wife doesn't understand either. But  
a man like me has certain passions...

ASHLEY

(CREEPED OUT) Just drop me off here.

He pulls over. As she gets out of her seat, he notices the  
gummy Venus de Milo stuck to the back of her jeans.  
Heavenly music **PLAYS**. The candy seems to glow magically  
and wink at him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS, THEN UNDER HIS BREATH)

Precious Venus... Oh, this is going to  
be good.

He starts to peel it off. Ashley **GASPS** and turns around.

**ASHLEY'S POV**

The babysitter sees Homer grabbing at her butt, his head  
back in a slobbering position.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GURGLES HUNGRILY)

ASHLEY

(SCREAMS)

She **SLAMS** the car door and runs off.

INT. CAR

HOMER

(CALLING OUT WINDOW) Thank you!

He eats the candy happily.

INT. SIMPSON'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Bart and Lisa come downstairs. Homer points to a still sizeable pile of candy on the floor.

HOMER

Hey, kids. Lots of candy left for breakfast.

BART/LISA

(PAINFULLY FULL GROAN)

MARGE

Well why don't we give it to some needy children, then?

BART/LISA

(GREEDY "NO WAY" MOAN)

They start to grudgingly stuff down candy, **GROANING** as they chew.

VARIOUS YELLERS (O.S.)

Homer is a pig! Down with Homer!

HOMER

Oh no! The candy conventioners tracked us down!

They look out the window and see the yard is full of **PROTESTORS**. Signs include: "Homer Bad Man" and "You Made A Big Ms. Take."



ASHLEY

(POINTING IN WINDOW) There he is!  
There's the man that sexually harassed  
me!

HOMER

(RELIEVED SIGH) For a minute I thought  
I was in big trouble. It's just a...  
(ANNOYED GRUNT)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 4

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

A half-a-dozen college-age women and men protesters are CHANTING.

PROTESTORS

✓ (CHANTING) Two four six eight / Homer's  
crime was very great! (PAUSE) "Great"  
meaning "large or immense" / We used it  
in the pejorative sense!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer's finishing explaining to Marge.

HOMER

✓ Marge, I swear I didn't touch her. You  
know how bashful I am. I can't even  
say the word "titmouse" without  
giggling like a schoolgirl. (SCHOOLGIRL  
TITTER)

MARGE

At any rate, I think you should go  
outside and straighten this out. And  
be nice, or it could turn ugly.

HOMER

✓ Okay... (BEAT) Titmouse! (SCHOOLGIRL  
TITTER)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer and Marge come outside. Ashley points to him.

ASHLEY

You grabbed me in the car!

HOMER

Oh that. No. I was just grabbing a gummy Venus de Milo that got stuck to your pants.

HEAVY WOMAN

(TO ASHLEY) He's lying! They don't make gummy Venus de Milos! (OFF THEIR LOOKS) Or so I hear.

PROTESTORS

Boo!

HOMER

C'mon, I'm a decent guy...

The wind comes along and **BLOWS** up his bathrobe, exposing everything. The protestors **GASP** and **BOO**.

**INT. SIMPSONS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer dashes inside as rocks **HIT** the front door.

BART

Why would anybody want to touch a girl's butt? That's where cooties come from.

LISA

Dad, I don't understand. What is she saying you did?

HOMER

Remember that post card Grampa sent us from Florida of that alligator biting that woman's bottom?

BART

(LAUGHING) Oh, yeah. That was brilliant.

HOMER

That's right, we all thought it was hilarious. But it turns out we were wrong. That alligator was sexually harrassing that woman.

BART

And the dog in the Coppertone ad? Same deal, Dad?

HOMER

Well, that's kind of a gray area.

BART

We know you're innocent, Dad.

HOMER

Thanks, kids.

A worried Marge is looking out the window.

MARGE

They seem to be building some sort of shantytown.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NEXT MORNING**

Homer drives out of his garage and protestors instantly surround him. They **BANG** and **ROCK** his car.

PROTESTORS

(AD-LIBBING) Evil! Boo! Bad man!  
Sexist pig!

HOMER

Do your worst, protestors you can't  
stop me from living my life!

WE PUSH IN to Homer's rocking head.

MATCH CUT:

Homer is stuck in a traffic jam and protestors are **ROCKING**  
his car.

PROTESTORS

Boo! No respect for women, no peace.

MATCH CUT:

PULL BACK to see the protestors rocking Homer's chair back  
and forth at his work station.

PROTESTORS

Just try to push the right buttons now!  
We aren't crazy about nuclear power,  
either!

SMITHERS walks over to them.

SMITHERS

(STERNLY) Can I see your passes  
please?

The protestors stop dead.

HOMER

(GLUM) It's okay, they're with me.

Smithers exits. The protestors resume **SHAKING** Homer.

PROTESTORS

Boo! You had your chance.

INT. BARBER SHOP

SCENE 5

Homer is getting shaved. Protestors stand around him, **SHAKING** his barber chair. The BARBER uses a straight razor and nicks him again and again.

PROTESTORS

No shaving for you! Try to get a good  
shave! Why would you try to get a  
shave today?

HOMER

Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

INT. SIMPSONS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are in bed.

HOMER

Come on, Marge. Why aren't you in the  
mood?

PROTESTORS (O.S.)

(CHANTING) He's too fat, he needs a  
wig! / Homer is a sexist pig!

HOMER

Oh. (WALKS TO WINDOW, CALLING OUT)  
Could you guys chant something more  
romantic?

We hear a discussion **MUMBLE** from the crowd then:

PROTESTORS

(CHANTING) You want romance/ we will  
spoil it/ picture Grandma on the  
toilet.

MARGE/HOMER

(GROAN)

MARGE

(IMPRESSED) They're fast.

HOMER

(SAD SIGH) They're ruining my whole  
life. Marge, please, this is where I  
need you the most. I'm counting on you  
to do something or say something to  
make it all better. Okay-- go.

MARGE

Homer --

HOMER

(TOO EAGER) Uh-huh?

MARGE

I already talked to the Indignation  
Coordinator out on the lawn today. I  
told her you were a decent man. But she  
wouldn't listen. Besides standing by  
you and supporting you, there isn't  
anything more I can do.

HOMER

You mean, I'm on my own? I've never  
been on my own. (BUILDING PANIC) Oh  
no! On own! On own! I need help. Oh,  
God help me! Help me, God!

The phone **RINGS**. Homer slowly picks it up.

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY EXPECTANT, EYES DARTING)  
Yello?

DEEP VOICE

Hello, Homer. This is God...frey Jones  
from the TV magazine show, Rock Bottom.  
We're aware of your problems and Mr.  
Simpson, we want to help.

CUT TO:

Godfrey in the Rock Bottom office, reading from a form  
titled "Standard Pitch Form". We see "Mr. Simpson" is  
written above other crossed out names including, "Mr.  
Buttafuoco" and "Mr. Gillooly."

HOMER

Hmm, I saw that report you did on  
Sasquatch. It was fair and even-  
handed. I'll do it.

**INT. ROCK BOTTOM STUDIO**

Homer sits in a chair in front of the camera telling his  
story.



HOMER

...Somebody had to take the babysitter home. Then I noticed, in the car she was sitting on the gummy venus so I grabbed it off of her. Oh, just thinking about that sweet sweet candy. (DROOLS) I just wish I had another one right now. But the most important thing is...

GODFREY

That was really great, Mr. Simpson, we got everything we need.

HOMER

Okay. Is that Sasquatch still around? I'd love to meet him.

GODFREY

I... (BEAT) Yeah, sure.

A MAN being zipped into a bad Sasquatch suit approaches Homer.

SASQUATCH

Yeah, how ya doin'? Here's my card. I do kids' birthday parties. Scares the bejesus out of them.

HOMER

(IN AWE) Wow! Proof positive at last!

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSONS - LIVING ROOM - LATER

SCENE 6

On the TV we see familiar typewriter ball graphics a la Hard Copy, only the ball is carved out of stone. It **TYPES** out "Rock Bottom." PULL BACK to see the Simpsons watching.

HOMER

(GLEEFULLY) Hee hee. Here comes the  
bouncing ball of justice!

ON TV

ROCK BOTTOM ANNOUNCER

Tonight on "Rock Bottom:" we go  
undercover at a sex farm for sex  
hookers.

We see an inbred FARMER standing in front of a barn.

FARMER

I keep tellin' ya, I just grow sorghum  
here.

VOICE (O.S.)

Uh huh, and where are the hookers?

FARMER

'Round back...oops.

ROCK BOTTOM ANNOUNCER

But first... she was a university honor  
student who devoted her life to kids,  
until the night a grossly overweight  
pervert named Homer Simpson gave her a  
crash course in depravity. (BEAT;  
OMINOUSLY) Babysitter and the Beast.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Awww, crap!

He clutches Marge's arm.

ON TV

We see a shot of Ashley looking sweet at her graduation in a cap and gown. Then, in slow motion and with **SCARY MUSIC** we see Homer walking down the driveway to his car, his head getting bigger and bigger on camera until it fills the frame and freezes on the scariest frame they could find.

ROCK BOTTOM

CUT TO: Homer in the studio. His voice is lowered and satanic, and his speech is stitched together with badly-matched edits.

HOMER

... Somebody had to take the babysitter home. Then I noticed she was sitting on (BAD EDIT) -- her -- "sweet can"! -  
- so I grabbed -- her "sweet can"!  
(DROOLS) Oh, just thinking about -- her "can"! I just wish I had her --  
"sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet can"!

As Homer sits through these obvious terrible edits the clock behind him jumps around in time and his tie changes angles. We see Godfrey's fake reaction - he is obviously outside in a different location.

GODFREY

Mr. Simpson, you just admitted to some pretty serious charges. What do you have to say in your defense?

CUT TO:

Another obvious freeze frame of Homer, his mouth slightly open, one eye slightly closed. Ominous **MUSIC PLAYS**.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

Mr. Simpson, your silence will only  
incriminate you further.

We start a bad **ZOOM** in into the freeze photo in a desperate attempt to indicate that Homer is advancing on the reporter.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

No, Mr. Simpson, don't take your anger  
out on me! Get back! Get back!

As we **ZOOM** in, the picture loses its integrity, breaks into tiny pixels.

GODFREY (CONT'D)

Mr. Simpson, nooooo!

ROCK BOTTOM ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(LOW, QUICK) Dramatization. May not  
have happened.

**CHYRON: DRAMATIZATION: MAY NOT HAVE HAPPENED**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

They turn off the TV. Long beat.

HOMER

(OMINOUSLY CALM) Marge, kids, just go  
upstairs and pack your bags. We're  
gonna start a new life where no one's  
ever seen or heard of us. Under the  
sea. (SIGHS DREAMILY)

BUBBLE WIPE TO:

## HOMER'S FANTASY

### EXT. UNDERWATER WONDERLAND

The Simpsons and FISH CHARACTERS are frolicking and dancing happily a la "The Little Mermaid." Bart plays a clam xylophone, Lisa blows a saxophone sea horse, Marge bows the tentacles of a jellyfish, and Maggie rides a manta ray. As Homer sings, he takes bites out of, or completely devours, the happy, **SINGING** creatures. The creatures go from looking cute to extremely worried as they go into Homer's mouth. He leaves shells and fish skeletons behind him.

ALL

(SINGING) Under the sea / Under the sea  
/ Life will be groovy / Like a popular  
movie / Under the sea.

### INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

Homer eats lots of terrified sea creatures.

HOMER

(SINGING) Where a man can be free/  
Indefinitely/ Under the sea here/  
That's where I'll be here/ Under the  
sea.

### BACK TO SCENE

MARGE

Homer, that's your solution to  
everything, to move under the sea.  
It's not gonna happen.

HOMER

Not with that attitude.

MARGE

Look, maybe this whole thing will blow  
over.

Suddenly we see several bright lights playing through the curtains and hear a distant **ROAR** that keeps getting **LOUDER** and **LOUDER**. Lisa opens the curtains to reveal a formation of helicopters bearing down on the house a la "Apocalypse Now." Four TV vans **SCREECH** to a halt in front of the house. An army of **REPORTERS** pile out.

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

Turning back from the window to the family.

HOMER

(SINGS TENTATIVELY) Under the sea...?

**INT. SIMPSONS UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MORNING**

**SCENE 7**

Homer gets out of the shower **HUMMING**, and sees a bunch of reporters, cameras, and a hovering helicopter in the window.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

He tries to hide his nakedness behind the plastic shower curtain, slips and falls to the floor. A **PHOTOGRAPHER** takes a picture of him lying on the floor wrapped in the shower curtain.

**ON TV - LATER**

The picture of Homer in the shower curtain.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Simpson scandal update: Homer sleeps  
nude in the oxygen tent which he  
believes gives him sexual powers!

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The family is watching with embarrassment.

HOMER

Hey, that's a half truth.

He changes the channel.

**ON TV**

We see a Sally Jessy-type set. The FEMALE HOST is standing close by a woman with a microphone.

**CRYING WOMAN**

I don't know Homer Simpson, I never met Homer Simpson or had any contact with him but... (BREAKS DOWN CRYING) ...I'm sorry, I can't go on.

**FEMALE HOST**

That's okay. Your tears say more than real evidence ever could.

**ON TV**

We see an Oprah Winfrey-type set. The CAMERA PANS over **ENTHUSIASTIC** AUDIENCE MEMBERS. We see **SEVERAL WOMEN** sitting on stage.

**BEN ANNOUNCER**

Today on "Ben"... Mothers and runaway daughters, reunited by their hatred of Homer Simpson. And here's your host, Gentle Ben.

GENTLE BEN lumbers out on all fours, wearing a helmet with a microphone on it. **APPLAUSE**. He makes a GREETING GROWL.

**VARIOUS AUDIENCE MEMBERS**

"Here, Ben!" "Over here!" "I have a question!" "No, me!"

Ben bounds over to an AUDIENCE MEMBER and gets up on his haunches so that the microphone is at mouth level.

WOMAN

I just have one thing to say: Let's  
have less Homer Simpsons and more money  
for public schools.

BEN

("GOOD POINT" GROWL)

The audience **APPLAUDS**.

WOMAN #2

Ben, I have a question.

Ben begins heading toward her, but then shoots right past her. We see he's up on his hind legs greedily devouring everything on the craft services table. The TRAINER comes running over.

TRAINER

No, Ben! No!

Ben matter-of-factly sweeps him away with his paw. A bear control squad **SHOOTS** him in the back with a bunch of tranquilizer darts. The bear rears up and falls backward onto a row of **SCREAMING** audience members. The scene is replaced by color bars, then a title card of a very concerned-looking Ben listening to a woman's complaint.

CUT TO:

**BACK TO SCENE**

**SCENE 8**

A disturbed Homer changes the channel.

**ON TV**

We see the familiar FOX graphic.

FOX ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, we return to Fox Night at the  
Movies. "Homer S.: Portrait of An Ass  
Grabber," starring Brian Dennehy.



**BACK TO SCENE**

HOMER

(GRASPING AT STRAWS) Ooh, "Portrait!"

Sounds classy... (WEAKLY) doesn't it?

CUT TO:

**ON TV**

BRIAN DENNEHY drives drunkenly down the street, weaving and **KNOCKING** over parking meters, **LAUGHING EVILLY**. He swerves to try to hit a cat. A very innocent YOUNG BABYSITTER in a dress beside him is shocked.

YOUNG BABYSITTER

No, Mr. Simpson! A cat is a living creature!

BRIAN DENNEHY

(SLURRING) I don't care!

They pull up to the curb. Dennehy leers at the woman's butt.

BRIAN DENNEHY (CONT'D)

Now, I'm gonna grab me sumpin' sweet!

YOUNG BABYSITTER

No, Mr. Simpson. That's sexual harassment. If you keep it up, I'll yell so loud the whole country'll hear.

BRIAN DENNEHY

With a man in the White House? Not likely. (EVIL LAUGH)

The channel changes.

CUT TO:

**ON TV**

We see KENT BROCKMAN.

KENT BROCKMAN

Here are some results from our phone-in poll: 95 percent of the people believe Homer Simpson is guilty. Of course, this is just a television poll, which is not legally binding. Unless Proposition 304 passes, and we all pray it will.

**BACK TO SCENE**

HOMER

(SADLY) I don't have a friend in the world.

There's a commotion outside. Homer, Marge and the kids look out the window to see Moe, Barney, Lenny, Carl, Apu, and DR. HIBBERT, walking through the media crowd on the lawn, AD-LIBBING "Let us through" etc...

MARGE

(KNOWINGLY) Oh really?

Outside, Moe, Barney, Lenny, Carl, Apu, and Dr. Hibbert are still making their way through the media crowd.

MOE

Let us through, let us through, come on let us through, you vultures.

BARNEY

We're Homer's true friends.

They push their way to the door steps, turn and face the hushed reporters.

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

HOMER

Oh, Marge. It's a miracle.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

MOE

How can you judge this man without talking to the people who know him best? We got the real dirt and the bidding starts at ten G's.

REPORTER

Ten G's!

AUSSIE REPORTER

I bid at ten five.

Greedy **BIDDING** ensues.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

Homer sadly closes the curtains.

HOMER

(MOAN) I need a hug.

Homer spreads his arms to give Marge and the kids a big hug. They all pause a second.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Heyyy! You hesitated!

They hug him.

LISA

Sorry, Dad. We do believe in you. We really do.

BART

It's just hard not to listen to TV.  
It's spent so much more time raising us  
than you have.

HOMER

(MOANS) Maybe TV is right. TV's always  
right.

Homer slumps.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I'm going up to bed.

Homer droopily heads upstairs. Marge goes into the  
kitchen. Bart and Lisa look at each other and then run  
surreptitiously over to the television and hug it.

HOMER (O.S.)

Are you hugging the TV?

BART/LISA

(GUILTILY) No. (BEAT, THEN THEY KISS  
THE TV)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SCENE 9

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

We PAN the room and see the windows have been boarded up. An unshaven Homer lies in an extremely messy bed in a fetal position rocking back and forth, but still managing to channel-cruise.

ON TV

DAVID LETTERMAN

(INTO CAMERA) Number three is... My speeding tickets.

The audience APPLAUDS.

DAVID LETTERMAN (CONT'D)

Number two ... Madonna.

The audience APPLAUDS.

DAVID LETTERMAN (CONT'D)

And the number one joke I'm running into the ground is... Ho-mer Simpson.

The audience gives him a standing OVATION.

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

(GROANS SADLY) I like it better when they're making fun of people who aren't me. I know - "Evening at the Improv." They never talk about anything beyond the 1980s. (CHANGES CHANNEL)

ON TV

We see a STANDUP in front of a brick wall.

STANDUP

See I think about weird stuff. Like  
what would happen if E.T. and Mr. T.  
had a baby? You'd get Mr. E.T.  
wouldn't ya? And you know I think he'd  
sound a little something like this:  
(COMBO MR. T AND E.T. VOICE) I pity the  
fool who doesn't phone home.

HOMER

Heh, heh. I wouldn't want to be Mr. T  
right now.

Marge, Bart, Lisa, and GRAMPA BURST into the room.

LISA

Dad! We got a great idea on how you  
can clear your name!

HOMER

What are you doing up so late?

MARGE

Believe me, if it wasn't such a good  
idea, I'd send 'em right back to bed.

LISA

The media's making a monster out of you because they don't care about the truth. All they care about is entertainment. You need a forum where they don't even know the meaning of the word "entertainment" -- Public Access Television.

HOMER

(GROANS) But those shows all look so crummy.

MARGE

We can dress it up a bit. We can bring a fern... a folding chair from the garage... And the most decorative thing of all: the truth.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD CABLE STATION**

A sign reads "Public Access TV - Home of the Bizarre Rant."

**INT. PUBLIC ACCESS STUDIO**

Homer's behind a podium. Grampa hangs a flag behind him.

MARGE

There are thirty-eight stars on that flag.

GRAMPA

I'll be deep in the cold, cold ground before I recognize Missouri.

Bart gets behind the camera. Marge turns on lights and aims them at Homer. Bart motions to Lisa. Lisa shoves a hand held title card in front of the camera.

BART/LISA (V.O.)

✓ Now it's time for the Innocence Report  
with Homer Simpson.

Homer looks into the camera.

HOMER

✓ Hello. I am Homer Simpson. This is  
where a simple man can say simple  
things that other simple people simply  
love and cheer him for. Alright,  
everybody believed the worst about me  
right away. Nobody cares that I didn't  
do it. But I didn't. Okay, look, I've  
done some bad things in my life, but  
harassing women is not one of them.  
Like, one time they were having this  
race with those stupid old-timey  
bicycles with the big wheel in front.  
So I figured, "We'll see about that."  
So I get this big chunk of cinderblock  
and I...

Homer sees Marge giving him the "cut" sign.

HOMER (CONT'D)

✓ Oh, gotta go. Innocent!

LISA

✓ Dad, you did it! I'm proud of you.



The teenage manager sticks his head in.

TEENAGE MANAGER

The switchboards are lighting up!

SIMPSONS

Yay!

TEENAGE MANAGER

Two calls! That's our best ever!

The Simpsons watch as he answers the blinking phone lines.

TEENAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Hello?... No, Janis doesn't live here.

Hold on, I'll ask 'em. (TO MARGE)

Where'd you get the fern?

The Simpsons **SIGH** with disappointment.

**EXT. SIMPSONS' ESTABLISHING**

**SCENE 10**

**INT. KITCHEN**

Homer is mixing ingredients in a bowl, as Marge watches, concerned.

HOMER

Marge, this is so depressing. My only hope is this homemade prozac. (TASTES, THEN) Hmm...needs more ice-cream.

The doorbell **RINGS**. Homer goes to answer it. He sees the knickerbockered leg of a **BIKER** on a large velocipede.

BIKE RIDER (V.O.)

(WISEGUY VOICE) So, you don't like the old time bikes, huh?

He **KICKS** Homer in the face, then quickly and **SQUEAKILY** rides off. Homer closes the door and turns away. Then the doorbell **RINGS** again. Homer opens the door. It's **GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE**.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Homer, I love amateur video and your  
show is the most amateur video I ever  
saw.

He holds up a video cassette and walks into the house.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

My hobby is secretly videotaping  
couples in cars. I didnae come forward  
because in this country it makes you  
look like a pervert. But every single  
Scottish person does it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The family is gathered around the television. Willie  
presses play. On monitor we see MAYOR QUIMBY and a WOMAN  
are making out in a car. Quimby AD-LIBS "Oh baby, etc...".

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

No, that's Mayor Quimby. (HITS FAST-  
FORWARD)

QUIMBY

Oh yeah.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Ach, Quimby again.

Willie fast forwards to a shot of an empty convertible.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

Ah, here we go.

ON MONITOR

The camera POV sneaks up to Homer's car and clearly catches  
Homer.

HOMER

(GASPS, THEN UNDER HIS BREATH) Precious

Venus...Oh, this is going to be good.

He starts to peel off the Venus gummy. The babysitter  
**SCREAMS** and runs away. Homer eats the gummy.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALLING AFTER HER) Thank you!

Homer begins eating happily.

**BACK TO LIVING ROOM**

LISA

Dad, this clears you completely!

MARGE

You know, the courts might not work  
anymore, but as long as everybody is  
videotaping everyone else, justice will  
be done.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE - LATER**

With the tape held high, the Simpsons triumphantly walk  
through the gate. They pass students walking around the  
campus by posters of Homer with "call 911" written under  
his face.

**INT. COLLEGE DORM**

Ashley and her friends have just finished watching the tape  
with the Simpsons and Willie.

LISA

(TO ASHLEY) See?

ASHLEY

Hmm. Homer, I thought you were an  
animal, but your daughter said you were  
a decent man. I guess she was right.

HOMER

~~(WARMLY)~~ You're both right.

ASHLEY

~~(TO WILLIE)~~ And you, you're a pervert.

~~(SLAPS WILLIE)~~

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

~~(TO SIMPSONS)~~ Didnae I tell ye?

INT. SIMPSONS LIVING ROOM - LATER

SCENE 11

The Simpsons watch the TV.

ON TV

GODFREY

~~(EMOTIONAL)~~ In our mad pursuit of a  
scoop, we members of the press  
sometimes make mistakes. (QUICKLY)  
Rock Bottom would like to make the  
following corrections:

The screen fills up with tiny sentences zooming by  
vertically. Under it, **CHEERFUL MUSIC** plays.

MARGE

~~/~~ So, Teri Garr isn't an arsonist.

BART

~~/~~ Wow. V8 juice isn't one-eighth  
gasoline.

HOMER

~~/~~ And Ted Koppel is a robot.

LISA

~~/~~ There's you, Dad!

ALL

(CHEER)

ON TV

They cut to a slow-motion shot of Groundskeeper Willie handing the tape to the producer under **SCARY MUSIC**.

ROCK BOTTOM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tomorrow on Rock Bottom. (SCARY) He's a foreigner who takes perverted videos of you when you least suspect it. He's Rowdy Roddy Peeper.

HOMER

Oh, that man is sick!

MARGE

Groundskeeper Willie saved you, Homer.

HOMER

But listen to the music. He's evil!

MARGE

Hasn't this experience taught you you can't believe everything you hear?

HOMER

(WARMLY) Marge, my friend, I haven't learned a thing.

Whole family exits, a bit disappointed. Beat. Homer walks to TV and hugs it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Let's never fight again.

FADE OUT:

THE END